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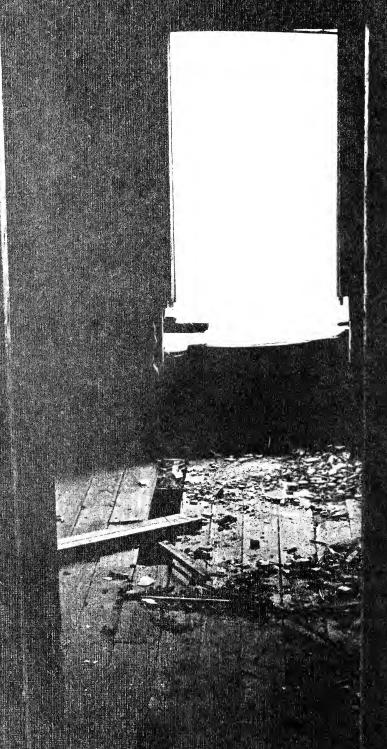
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Sometimes I desperately fight to recapture the past Old times, old friends, forgotten moments.

Other times I yearn to capture the future To mold events and channel talents.

But then my dreams fade and I am faced with today Current news, world problems, present events.

The past is dead —
bury it and grieve no more.
The future unborn —
do not allow it to be premature.
Today is a growing impressionable child —
influence it and grow with it.

Gerald Robbins



Peaceful Metamorphasis

Slowly,
a tear of wax
falls.
Cautiously,
entering
an unknown transformation.
Never,
to return
again.
Under the power
of the flame.
The candle weeps
into darkness.
A majestic image
for all.

Cammy Alcorn

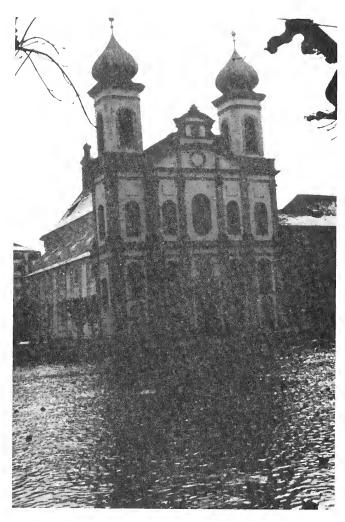


Photo by Doug Hallman



Photo by Doug Hallman

Endangered Species

Those that are few such as ourselves will always endure persevere, and love things that are not yet understandable to the mind.

Never fear you are the chosen few who pose your tenacity to survive, strive, and be yourselves in the process.

Eric Lloyd Smith

My Town

Now is the queritime. The summer visitors and the leaf beebers have returned to the city, the nunters are name from the hirs, and until the long processions of cars, baded with skiers begin arriving, I can call this bade my own. At moments, ke this one redizes what a profound impact tourism has on a small community.

My tawn must be typical of rundreds of such places between Rockport Massachusetts and Carme. California it has the appa fortune to be obated where mountains valeys, and streams combine to produce an unusually felicitous place to live indeed, because of its situation, my town was actually settled by tourists. Emanuel Kane's early history of Columb a County te sinow in 1763 a party of explorers from America, New York wisted the settlement of ~ sadie. New York were attracted by the high land to the east and turned their steps in that a reation to optain a petter view of the surrounding country. What those intrepid explorers — the advance party of more than two centuries worth of tourists — saw when they stopa upon the top of a lafty mountain was a broad and apparently level valley. Descending the mountain side, they gave the valley a diaser examination to ascertain its advantages as a blace of semement. That was the allnoher. They returned home," Kane writes with impressions sufficiently favorable to lead to an inquiry after the owners of the land land a few manths later. If Nearly all the rights of the original proprietorships of Columbia County, were held by residents of Amenia

Finally the original proprietors of my tawn, who had received grants from Governor Benning. Wentworth of New York, were speculators who had never ever seen their land and were presumably belighted to turn a fast shilling in other words from the beginning it has been a continuing tale of flationaers coming to the mountains and claiming them for their own after paying a suitable fee for the privilege.

Over the years my community has become a haven for artists, golfers, and fishermen a watering place where one could sit on the hotel's long verandan and rock away the summer hours. Cars continue to meet the train at the debot to deliver passengers to their notels or their summer nomes. The pape was and is esurely and the place hasn't orianged much since live been gone. Now most Americans are highly mobile, and Columbia County, is a pleasant drive from Pennsylvania. Skiing has cought on The state development wanted to attract tourists along with haustry. A most before anyone knew it, busipads of fourists and skilers were arriving in town this pourioues and specialty shops proliferated, restaurants aftered their menus and their prices. Hardly a week passed without changes that had the placetimers plucking about the good old pays and now the fourit was being ruined.



Artwork by Rich Rollins



Photo by Ann Drobner

Sunrise/Sunset

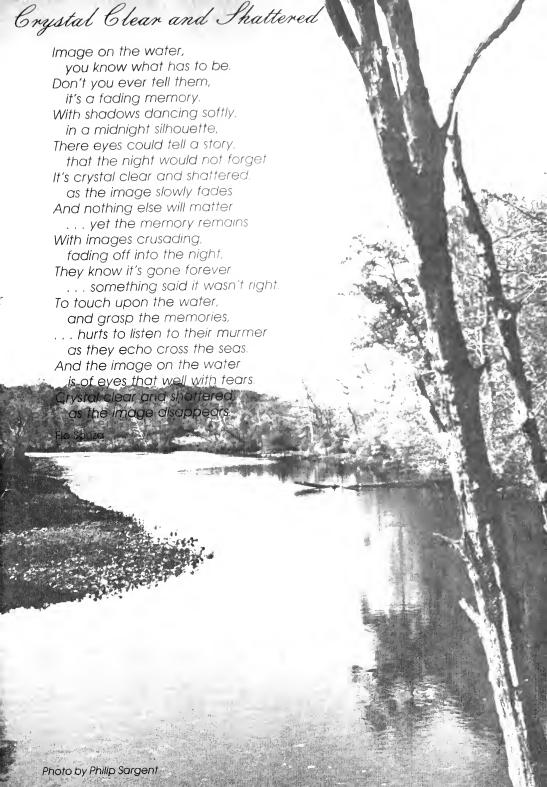
The sun is being raised a sight to be seen wrapped in a yellow haze are hills of rolling green.

The sky is crystal clear clouds gently floating by the sun in its brillance shining light from its sky.

When the sun slowly sets the moon is at its full bathing the horizon with purple, pink, and blue.

The sky is like a painting the artist has done with care spreading it over with colors that make it beautiful and rare.

Eileen Geary



Not Alice

I looked into the mirror And for once Saw reality Staring back At a plain countenance.

I asked it a Question And it answered back Casually, Matter-of-factly.

And the truth
Did not hit me
As hard as I expected
For it was as I expected —
Deep down.
Beneath all the hopes, I'd found
The core —
Reality was there.

So I wasn't disappointed
— Rather relieved I think —
To know that for once
There was not deception,
That I wouldn't have to worry
About any illusions,
Any dreams
Falling apart.

Wanda M. Perugini



Artwork by Brian Prickett

Faded memories
destroyed dreams
All a part of flashing scenes.
Quickly come
and slowly go
Only you and I will know
Time will heal this hurt and pain
until then
Things are the same.
Try hard not to preserve them friend,
for faded memories
in the end
can only hurt
and never mend.

Tillie Docalovich

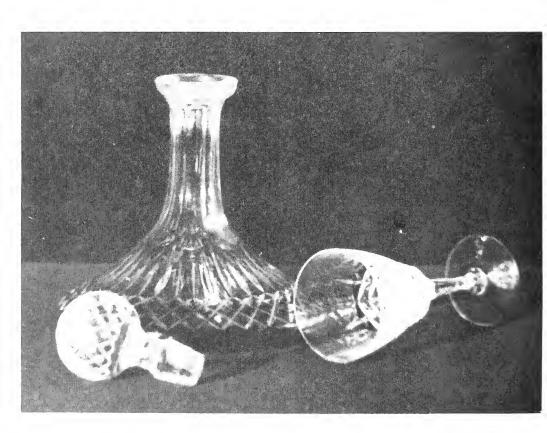


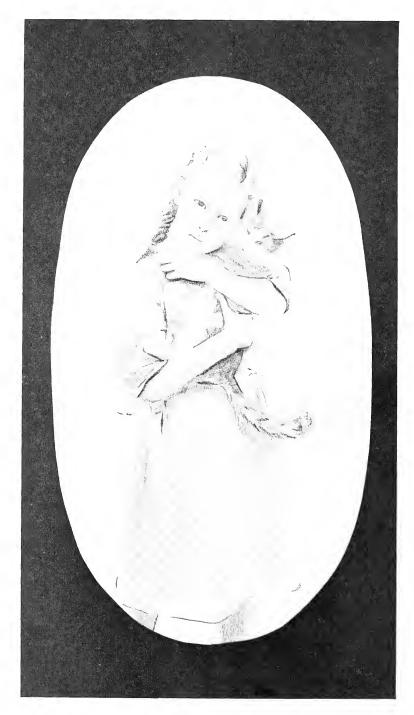
Photo by Dana Trumbower



Photo by Ann Drobner

Those who walk alone are never lonely when they hear the voices of the sea whispering along with the wind, when they see the face of the sea smiling back at the day, or when they feel the hand of the sea reaching out cool fingers to comfort and caress.

Veronica Paris



Artwork by Rich Rollins

Understand

If you see my tears, don't be confused; for they are my assurance of a brighter tomorrow.

If you can't hear my words, come listen to the whispers of my heart; for they speak what my mouth is afraid to shout.

If my smile saddens you, don't be dismayed; for it is not pain it hides, only doubt.

If you see the fear in my eyes, look again and understand; for it is that fear which makes me strong.

Dee Walker



Artwork by Rich Rollins

The Warrior

I stand before you now an enforcer of the throne, a protector of the realm, a man made of stone.

Built of Steel, never to speak, never to feel, on his own . . .

on his own . . .
Just a pawn,
in a massive game.
Where death and destruction
is my claim to fame.

I'm the Warrior, a lord of the ring, a victor for the King I'm the Warrior,

The battlefield lays there, in shades of red . . . filled with the living, the lifeless and the dead.

Where my armor becomes my home and my sword and I become one . . .

Fighting for the King, Fighting for the throne.

I'm the Warrior, a lord of the ring, a victor for the King I'm the Warrior.

A champion hailed by all lowering my blade, another victim falls.

I'm the Warrior, that's what I am I'm the Warrior, Just let me be I'm the Warrior, Fighting to be Free Fighting to be Free.

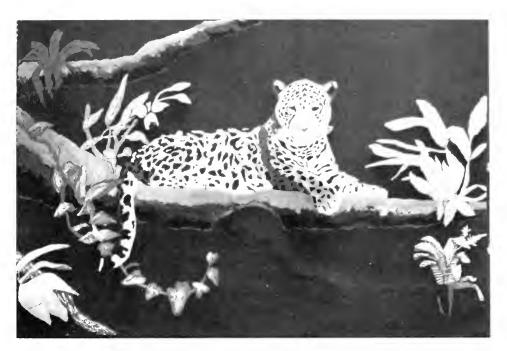
Robert D. Hallman



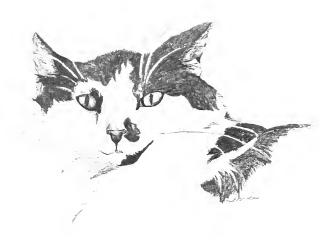




Artwork by Michelle Matula



Artwork by Gary Mitkowski



Artwork by Jennifer Corrigan

As I sat on Grandpa's lap one day, he began to say things that were very hard to understand. I was only ten. My thoughts would never stand still, especially when he talked about the old times.

He told me how hard he worked for everything that he and Grandma had. I thought they had everything anyone could ever want! "They must be the happiest people in the world," I would often say to myself. "I'll bet if I work hard, I'll have everything just like them!"

On that particular day, Grandpa wasn't very happy. I sensed a quiver in his voice, a shortness of breath, and a feeling of fear. For the first time, I really began to listen to the meaning of his words.

"Son, always take time to do the simple things. Nothing is too trivial for you. No one is too unimportant for you."

"What do you mean Grandpa?" I looked at his face and a tear began to fall from his bloodshot eyes.

"I never took the time to be with my family and friends. I brushed people aside who I felt could never help me in any way. Everyone is important son! You must remember that. Share your time with people, especially your family. After your friends leave you, your family is all you have. I'll be going away soon and I'll never have the time that you have. Don't let it slip away."

Dan Schwalm





An hard Bullion

Artwork by Rich Rollins



Artwork by Rich Rollins

Listers

Once, two little girls
On a course of adventure,
Held tight to each other
Against the winds
Of the world.

Crossing streams,
Climbing mountains,
Facing lions and witches
Side by side,
Hand in hand.

And then we grew up.

Now, miles apart Fight city crowds — unseeing; Stumble rocky paths — unknowing What tomorrow brings.

> Loneliness hides behind painted smiles. Wishing future was past And past was present, I look into the darkness:

Is that you there?

Reach out your hand, I think I can touch it from here; My heart is longer Than my arm.

Wanda M. Perugini

Masquerade

Talk to me. tell me how you feel, share your thoughts with me. I want to know what's going through your mind. Don't be afraid to share your hopes, your dreams. Open up to me, I will not laugh, I will not make judgements. But I will listen. to what you are saying, and even what you feel you can't say. Take off your mask, let's end this game of masquerades. I've seen many masks, the facades we all wear. I'm waiting for you, so maybe then, I too can end my masquerade.

Nancy Lukert



Idea 156

I am the creator of all worlds. My pen breaths life into you. What shall I call you, one from myself?

Perhaps I will call you

Idea 156

Helen Sutthill





Laughter is the music
Of the soul.
A cry issueing forth
From the depths of
your heart,
Bathing your body
In a sea of warmth —
Creating a spark of light
In the endless tunnel
Of your spirit:

Let your soul sing out
In happiness,
Let the warmth flow
Through your limbs,
Let the light of your spirit
Burn brightly
In your eyes
— And though the world may
Grow cold,
And you may grow old,
May your soul never
Grow tired
Of singing.

Lisa C. Merklein



Photo by Dana Trumbower

I'm Adelle's Husband

Identity is linked to several different factors, including a sense of place, of people, of purpose, and of job or accomplishment.

With our increasing mobility in American society, people have come to expect change as a norm. Coupled with this can be an unsettled feeling about who we are or what purpose we will fill/fulfill in life.

As a youngster growing up in a rural area in Oregon, I was surrounded by my parents, my brothers, half a dozen uncles and aunts, about two dozen cousins; and it was handy for me to say, "I'm Fred Ziemer's son or George Ziemer's grandson." That helped me get my checks cashed or obtain parts on credit for Grandpa's McCullough chain saw, and it paved the way for feeling comfortable in Sandy, Oregon. Just as animals

develop a sense of place, so did I feel that this little community was a haven for me. I was more certain of being a Ziemer and being loved than I had type A blood.

After going away to college and meeting the girl in my freshman year who nine years later would be my wife — I'm slow, she says — I uprooted and moved to Pennsylvania. It became a routine for me to have to produce identity whenever I would cash a check at a place of business. Sometimes I knew that this was just a matter of good business practice on the part of the proprietor, but at other times I felt irritated and unrecognized, often to the point of saying, "I'm Adelle's husband." That evoked an alert response: "Oh, do you mean Adelle from the Bakery?" "Yes."

"We know her; she's waited on many a customer. Never heard of you though."

There I was with no clout. I had trumped and with it I could walk out of the store with the purchase or with the credit.

One summer evening after Adelle and I had been married for a few weeks, I participated with several members of a church gathering to have a clambake and to play softball. My lack of skills of playing ball were readily assessed and I was assigned where leftover players are put—the outfield. As the sun sank and the game neared the last inning, a forceful batter stepped to the plate and hit the ball with such impact that it arced above the pitcher, above the second base player, and on out into center field, where I had been occupying space during most of the game. With mit in hand and stance poised, I reached for the ball and caught it, making the last out of the game, whereupon my father-in-law yelled in his stentorian voice, "That's my son-in-law!" Any identity problems I had were cured from then on.

Dr. Richard C. Ziemer





I Thought of You

I listened to the ocean's sound, As rolling waves of greenish-blue Turned foamy-white with every pound. Alone, I sat, and thought of you.

I watched the gulls above me soar; They faded in the fog, and flew Along the brisk and misty shore. And happily, I thought of you.

I envied people in the sand, Who sat or strolled in groups of two. They gently clutched the other's hand. And wishfully, I thought of you.

I saw the sun above the bay, It turned the sky a fiery hue Before retreating with the day. And quietly, I thought of you.

I shivered in the dark of night, But then a warmth inside me grew; For in my heart, I held you tight. And lovingly, I thought of you.

Jennifer F. Corrigan





As I reach out for it, it slips out of my grasp. The faster I run towards it, the further away it remains. It is when . . . I am not thinking about it, not running after it, not pursuing it. It is then that it comes to me and rests, and sits as peacefully as a dove upon my shoulder.

Nancy Lukert

This test of time hard to determine
This love hard to define
Will space between break us apart
Or do we grow in the passing time
The space between; dotted with acquaintance
Sincerity scarce and hard to hold
Funloving more common and much more bold.
The passing time; in it I remember you
reality many lack
sincerity some never see
This love hard to define
hard to name
hard to call
Necessary to Breathe . . .

Patricia Dannehower



Photo by Ann Drobner



Artwork by Rich Rollins

Here's to a life
of an old mountain man
with whom you would have loved to have been
friends with . . .
and who you would think had nothing
but yet he had all he needed.

For when he woke in the morning he would put on his old dilapidated boots, tie his decrepit laces, and open the creeping door...

The sun's rays would burst into his eyes and he could feel the leaves drop on his shoulders. He swore to himself that just yesterday these leaves were filled with colours and life . . .

And his legs moved and his feet crushed the dark-green grass he headed toward those beautiful and peaceful, but yet ominous looking mountains, for he had fallen in love with their upward striving form . . .

He had a strangely sudden feeling that he needed to be in union with them This wonderful old man felt a burst of joy and his mind felt mellow...

And he lay on the soft ground not being able to climb those mountains as he had done almost every morning and every day in a life.

His body slept on the ground in a leaf-like manner seeping with coolness . . .

And his soul was taken lightly upward striving with the mountains . . .

Ann Drobner

Variations of Laughter

A thousand smiles to see. Look there, through the sunlight. See that tree? The wind makes the tree chuckle,

Did it laugh when you were there? Did the wind run through your hair, Like it does the leaves? Did it move your hands, The way it moves the branches?

You said you had to be free. But why did you have to Hang yourself on our laughing tree?



Photo by Doug Bereczki

Sweet Dreams

I watch you sleep And I can't help but admire How pretty you are Curled in your bed. Even though I know It's wrong to feel this way, I think I've fallen in love With you. Is it so wrong? I would never hurt Nor force you into something That you didn't want. Please don't hate me. Don't pass judgement. Don't give reasons why I feel this way. Just accept it, and Smile at me Every now and then.

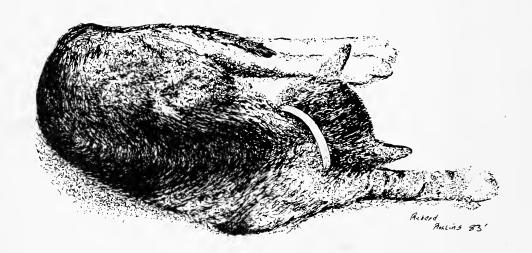




Photo by Cindy Priluker

Shadows on a Hillside

Cold and blustery dark and mean the hill only a mile away start at the bottom end at the top In between the rocks get harder to climb You weaken, slip, recover Almost there Something frightens you Dark, shaped like you Is it a friend; an enemy no one knows You stumble backwards It does too It's only your shadow Climbing with you.

Kim Bradshaw



Turn Inward

What can be heard of a wandering voice — If the words fall colorless upon my ears sending nary a tremor throughout waves of sound, and the rustle of life is stilled by a single, icy breath? I will listen to my soul as it bursts forth in song; For this is the voice which will pierce the silence, adding color to words uttered in haste and softening those held within me. How will I see which path I'm to travel — If the mists veil my sight clouding my visions with their opaque breath, and my eyes are bound within robes of shadow which permits no light to enter? I will look inward unveiling the eternal light which burns

within me:

for only this
will dispel the darkness,
and send the shadows
fleeing before me
clearing the road
of tomorrow.

To whom may I reach
when I capsize in midstream —
As hope recedes
from my outstretched hand
turning away from my pleas
in silent rebuttle,
How will I remain afloat
In an empty sea
of despair?

I will grasp
the limitless strength
of my spirit;
For this is my support
in times of need,
drawing me ashore,
reuniting my mind and body
warming my limbs
with new visions of hope.

Oh, where shall I turn
when confusion sets in —
forming waves
pounding upon
the glimmering shoreline
of my mind;

If the relentless
flow and ebb
of the tides concealed in my thoughts
should
become a painful burden,

where will I find peace?
I will turn inward
calling upon my relentless will;
for through that power
I am released,
free from worry and care;
I seek strength and wisdom from within

I seek strength and wisdom from within and tranquility is mine.

Lisa C. Merklein

Mending

The fabric frays
Around the edges
Thread by thread
I come apart,
Almost imperceivably.

A little tear at the seams, A little stuffing peeks out; I try to stick it back in Before anyone sees.

I can't mend the hole Without needle and thread; Staples and glue Don't hold.

Maybe if I was a Seamstress Everything would be A little easier.

Wanda M. Perugini



Photo by George Perry



Photo by George Perry



Hooked

That uncommon dust that lingers in your life, has changed you for the worst, I'm sorry to say. Behind this mask you hide, keeping the "selfish you" inside. Fooling everyone you meet; But you can't fool me. This available omen that has you possessed; It's an escape from reality, Please put it to rest. I know how you feel, I've been there myself. This nonchalan attitude gives you more time to spare in an endless life of illusions. But what do you care? Happily content in a world of "Sensitive Jeopardy," you say you're aware. To you my friend, I offer a prayer. For you're in your own little hell "The Best Hell" you explain, Just another Self Centered-Saint hooked on cocaine.

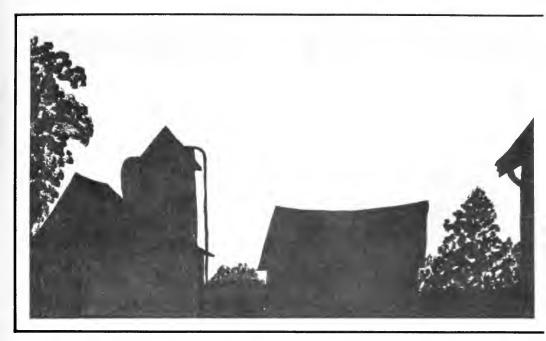
Cammy Alcorn

Candles and Romance

There's a light that flickers In my soul. There's a sun that sets In my mind. There's a light that shines In my life. Can't you tell that I'm Thinking of you?

An emotion that flutters, Drawn to the flame. Sense dawns in darkness, Smothered in pain. In my mind's eye, It's you that I see again.





Artwork by Linda Hahn

A Hidden Love

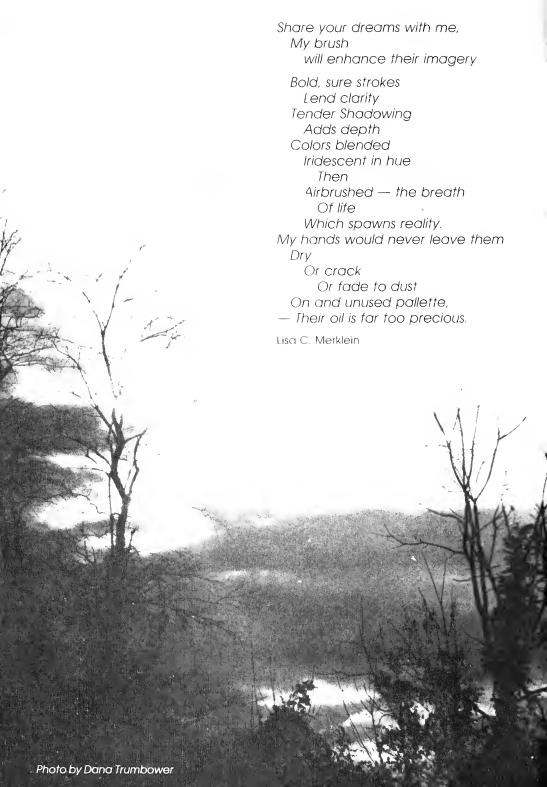
Lost in confusion within myself.
What once was real is now illusion.

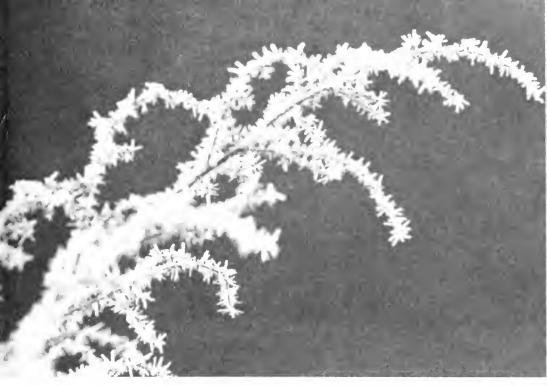
At times emotion swells to reveal A love that has not died but A love that is hidden.

Time has changed us others have come between only to shadow the feeling of what was.

Seeing you
Reaching for you but
now is not the time.
Pulling away yet
still holding on to what
shows in your eyes —
I miss you more.

Maribeth Giannone





Prioto by Doug Bereczki

May you spend your eternity In the palm of God's hand. Away from the winds that blow To change today into tomorrow. Wait for me there, In the palm of God's hand.

A Short Story

I stepped out of the Tavern into the freezing night air. The heavy door thudded close behind me, muting the frenzied music. I inhaled the cold air deeply, gently, to clear my lungs and head. My eyes still complained of the liquid cigarette haze poured into them.

I stood a minute, pulling on my gloves and adjusting my knit cap. The apartment was a scant eight blocks away and I looked forward eagerly

to the prospect of nine hours sleep.

My feet led the way across the street and my inebriated body obediently followed. Turning to the left, I trudged down the avenue behind a row of shops and business offices. Tiny mountains and peaks of frozen slush crunched noisily under my feet — scaling them wholly preoccupied me. The numerous boilermakers I had swallowed affected my equilibrium more than expected, and I took notice of the few people wandering this backstreet.

I don't know where she came from; I never heard any footsteps. But she clutched my arm from behind and startled me so I almost fell. Regaining my poise, I turned to face her.

I beheld an old woman, her frame bent so she came only to my chin. The tattered and patched garments she wore gave her the appearance of some amorphous pile of rags. A frayed kerchief shadowed her face but her eyes perforated the dark, piercing the dark velvet of night.

She mumbled something.

A belch brought my hand to my mouth. "Please excuse me," I mumbled back. "What did you say?"

She leaned closer, an overwhelming stench of rancid fish rose from her clothing. "I've captured time!" she hissed. "I've got it here in my hands." Her grin revealed two incomplete rows of chipped yellow teeth. "Oh Lord," I thought, leaning back and massaging my eyes with one hand. "This poor beggar's had more to drink than I've had."

I opened my eyes and struggled to focus them on the old woman's hands held before my face. She opened those hands slowly, as if a bird might suddenly free itself from the darkness. Curiosity got the best of me and I peered in. I discovered to my dismay only a pocket watch. But what a time worn piece it was! The crystal, spider webbed with cracks, barely held mechanism in the battered silver case.

"I've captured time!" repeated a hiss.

"Nonsense," I hiccuped. "What you've got there, is an old pocketwatch that even a pawn shop wouldn't consider buying."

"No! No!" she cried. "Listen! It's tickina!"

"Pocketwatches have a habit of doing that," I replied.

"I can make a fortune selling time!" The eyes glistened like a pair of beaded jelly fish.

I turned away but she grabbed my arm and compelled me to look at her. "Just imagine! Turn the hands on this watch and you forward the time to say . . . say your birthday! You could collect all your presents, give the hands a whirl, and poof! It would be your birthday again just a year later."

"I think a body would grow old rather quickly doing that," I reflected.
"Well then," she retorted, "when you got too old you could turn it back
— turn it back to your younger birthdays."

"But then you would be opening presents you opened before," I said, "it's no fun opening a present when you already know what's inside."

The old woman fidgeted. I suspected the cold was getting to her as it was to me. "Pooh," she spat suddenly. "Forget this flummery. Do you want to buy this timepiece or not?"

"I never had any intention of buying that piece of scrap," I said indignantly.

"Fifty cents and your ballpoint pen."

I turned and continued homeward.

"Forty cents," she called after me, "and you can keep the pen."

My mind was back climbing the Munchkin peaks of crunchy slush.

"Twenty-five and your shoelaces."

Then something happened to me, I'm not quite sure . . . as the heavy door of the tavern thudded behind me.

Again???

Carl P. Vivaldi

Grains of Myself

The grains of sand Worn away from the Lighthouse stones When the water crashes Upon them constantly Remind me of my feelings, And my soul, And myself when People are around constantly. Wearing me away, Sweeping bits of myself with them As they come and go. And like the lighthouse I am supposed to shine Forever. Even when I can Barely stand upright.



Artwork by Richard Rollins

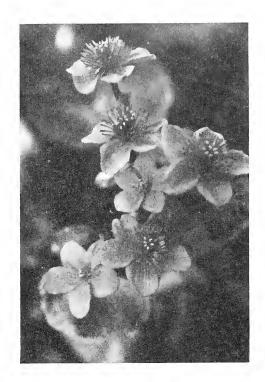


Photo by Doug Bereczki

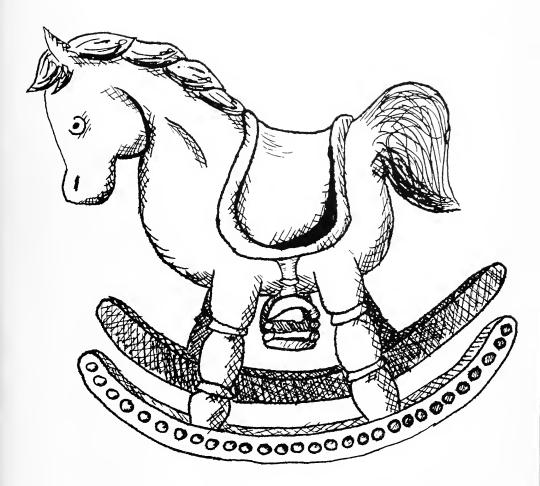


Photo by Doug Bereczki

Hold On

As you sit on the saddle of the present rocking back into pain and distress forward you thrust into the future another obstacle be gone Hold on

Cammy Alcorn



This is for you The person of many virtues, Values, And love; For common man

Never look back You sweep those along you can, Pull those forward that desire, Leave those back who are non-achievers, Yet, know the difference between Those that do, and do not.

You are the one for me Because you will be you Alone, And distinct from the rest. This is for me.

Eric Smith



Editors Note

We would like to take this opportunity to extend our gratitude to all those who helped create The Gleaner 1984. Without your efforts, none of this would have been possible.

Being a part of The Gleaner for the past four years has been both an enriching and enlightening experience. We have shared many memorable moments with our staff that will be a part of our college scrapbook forever.

For those seniors who have been with us through thick and thin, a special thanks and a fond farewell. To those underclassmen who we leave behind, we wish you as much luck and success as we have had. And, finally, to those faculty members and students who contributed their art work, photographs, and literary pieces, YOU are what The Gleaner stands for. May you carry on the proud traditions of The Gleaner with the enthusiasm and support of the Del-Val Community.

Sincerely,

Wanda Perugini

Wanda Perugini Dan Schwalm

Editors

